

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, December 20, 1891, with transcript

Copy of a letter written by A. Graham Bell to Mabel (Hubbard) Bell Beinn Bhreagh, C. B., Dec. 20th, 1891. Letter No. 20. I hope you received the others — Oh! dear me — why CAN'T I write as other people can. My poor little darling wife:

I am afraid you are not going to hear from me save by fits and starts with telegrams between — I cannot write as other people do — off — and in proof whereof — I am trying it now.

I have started a number of letters to you since the Werra bore you all from my sight — but ten days have gone by — and not one scrap has gone into the mail. Tomorrow you will land in Genoa and await in vain for the letter that will not come. I have been trying to substitute day for night. Two climbs up the mountain and down again and in bed by 12. This I thought would enable me to sleep so as to be easily wakened by 8 o'clock. I have been unable however to get a moment to myself— Mr. Ellis and Mr. McCurdy keeping the same hours. I miss the quiet night and cannot even write to you in the presence of others — and with constant interruptions — so the waste-paper basket has received my inter-scribbled notes — and I am now obliged to break the good resolutions I had formed — and am sitting up at night to write to you. It is now three o'clock! I was so disgusted with a type-written letter I had dictated to your father that I have wasted your time writing it again and re-writing it — till I haven't an idea left. I am tired out — disgusted with myself — feel like kicking myself — and all to no good. One thing I have learned. To take night from me is to rob 2 me of life. No more useless reform for me as yet. I will sit up — as I have always done — and my nights shall be devoted to you my dear. Then perhaps, I may tell you all I want to say. BOSH! Good night till tomorrow.

Library of Congress

Your loving husband, Alec. I shall put this in an evelope — lost I should read it again and tear it up like the others. If it goes you will at all events know that I thought of you and Elsie and Daisy. I am so anxious about you — I am afraid I will leave my work here half done and go after you. AGB